













# A MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. JOHN LINGARD, D.D.

BY THE

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MDCCCLV.





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It has been frequently, and not unnaturally, remarked, that the history of an author's life is little more than the history of his works. Withdrawn from the world, and communing with his own mind in the retirement of his study, he neither shares in the excitement, nor mingles in the throng, of passing events. The field of action is not his sphere: the labours of ambition are not his delight. He has neither deep intrigue, nor brilliant exploit, nor daring adventure, to offer to the admiration of the world. His life flows on, a calm, quiet, gentle stream, unmarked, save by the murmur of its waters and the freshness that appears upon its banks.

The subject of the present memoir is not an exception to the general rule. Though living during a period of more than ordinary religious and political excitement, he took no ostensible part in the turmoil and contention that surrounded him: though consulted on every matter of importance in the Church of which he was so distinguished a member, his name was seldom heard in connection with the events of the day. Neither honours nor employments could withdraw him from the retirement of his study; nor could the offer of the highest dignities induce him to abandon the seclusion to which he had devoted his life.

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JOHN LINGARD was descended from a family, which, though comparatively in humble circumstances, had been immemorially established at Claxby, a sequestered village at the foot of the North Wolds, in Lincolnshire.\* His father followed the trade of a carpenter: his mother was the daughter of a respectable farmer named Rennell, who, during the times of persecution, had more than once been subjected to fine and imprisonment for his faith.† They were neighbours' children. In their infancy, they had played together in the same village: in their youth, they had stolen to the same altar, and listened to the precepts of the same instructor.‡ But time, and accident, and the pursuits of life had separated them. The young man had sought improvement in the metropolis: the maiden, in the seclusion of Claxby or its vicinity, had grown into womanhood, and was settling down to the duties and occupations of her sphere of life. It was at this moment that the storm of persecution again swept over the peaceful retreats of Lincolnshire. Known as a Recusant, Rennell became one of the first objects of attack to the zeal of the pursuivants. His house was searched, his books and papers were seized, and he himself, hurried away to prison, was at length summoned to answer, at the assizes, for his attachment to the faith of his fathers. But the courage of the confessor was not to be shaken by the terrors of the law. In the face of the court, he at once avowed his religion, and maintained his innocence of any crime. He was a Catholic, but not a traitor. He had injured no one; he had offended no one. If, however, they wished for his life, it was in their power, and they might have it: his faith no man should take from him. A sentence of two years' imprisonment, with a heavy pecuniary fine, was passed

\* The family name, with the accent on the first syllable, is still common in the district, which, within the memory of persons yet alive, was a wild expanse covered with furze and *ling*.—A vignette engraving of the cottage and workshop occupied by the historian's father, and still known as "Lingard's Place," at Claxby, will be found at the end of this Memoir.

† He was said by Mrs. Lingard to have been related to the family of Dr. Thomas Rennell, late dean of Winchester.

‡ "We used to go in a cart at night to hear mass; the priest dressed in a round frock to resemble a poor man."—*Mrs. Lingard's own Narrative.*

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upon him; and this, added to his previous misfortunes, completed the ruin of his family.\*

His children, driven from their home, were now thrown on the charity of their friends, or the exertions of their own industry. Under these circumstances, Elizabeth, the future mother of the historian, removed to London; and there, after a separation of several years, accidentally met her early friend and playmate, John Lingard. A marriage ensued. In the first instance, the young couple returned to settle in their native village, where a daughter, Jane, was born, in 1769. But circumstances appear to have subsequently suggested a removal. Winchester was selected as the place of their future residence; and, some time in the autumn of 1770, they took up their final abode in that city.

It was in Winchester, on the 5th of February, 1771, that John, the subject of these pages, was born.† Endowed with qualities of unusual excellence, and displaying, even in his childhood, that quickness of intellect, and that piety of demeanor, which seemed to mark him out for the ecclesiastical state, he was, at an early period, recommended to the notice of Bishop Challoner, and by the successor of that prelate, Bishop James Talbot, was, in 1782, sent to the English College at Douay.‡ Here the promise of his earlier years was abundantly realized. With a perception almost intuitive, he mastered every difficulty that presented itself in his studies; and, after a course of humanities, in which the brilliancy of his genius was equalled only by the modesty of his disposition, he entered

\* Mrs. Lingard's Narrative.

† Register of Baptisms at St. Peter's, Winchester.

‡ In the postscript of a letter addressed, in 1838, to his gifted friend, Mrs. Thomas Lomax, he says, "September 30. N.B.—This day fifty-six years ago, I entered the walls of the college of Douay." It has been said, that he was sent to Douay by Bishop Milner: in fact, that prelate once condescended, in the pages of the "*Orthodox Journal*," (vii. 304), to *insinuate* that he had been educated at his expense. Lingard, however, noticing this passage, thus peremptorily contradicts it: "I was never under any other obligation to him than this. His predecessor (the Rev. J. Nolan) had spoken to the bishop to send me to college: *he* approved of the choice; but I was never indebted to him for a farthing. . . . He never did anything in the world for me; nor did I want it of him."—*Letter to Kirk*, December 18, 1819.

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the School of Theology, in October, 1792.\* But a cloud was gathering over the destinies of France,—and that College, which had so long been “the nurse of martyrs and the bulwark of the faith,” was already destined to destruction. For some time, and especially during the preceding year, the increasing violence of the democratical party had surrounded its inmates with alarms. Twice had the garrison of the town broken loose: the excesses of the soldiery had again and again intruded within the walls of the College: and while blood was flowing in the market-place, and peaceful citizens were being hurried to the gibbet, the bayonet had been pointed at the breasts of the students, and the sword had more than once been bared over the heads of the superiors of the house. It was only in the June of 1790, that our youthful student had himself narrowly escaped destruction. He had wandered into the town, at the moment when the populace, with frantic yells, were dragging a Mons. Derbaix to execution. He was acquainted with the victim. His feelings prompted him to approach the crowd and inquire into the cause of the present proceeding: but his dress attracted the notice of the rabble: a cry, first, of “*La Calotte*,” and then of “*Le Calotin à la lanterne*,” roused him to a sense of his danger: and it was only by the fleetness of his steps that he was able to escape the fury of his pursuers.

These events naturally awakened the anxieties both of Superiors and students. Still, the protection derived to them, as British subjects, from the provisions of the treaty of commerce, and from the presence of an ambassador in Paris, gave them some confidence: nor was it until the murder of the king, and the declaration of war by England, in the early part of 1793, that they became fully sensible of their perilous situation. Within three weeks, however, after the latter of those events, the forcible occupation of the College by an armed body of the rabble warned the more prudent, or the more timid, to pro-

\* Diary of Douay College.—In the ordinary course he should have commenced his theological studies in 1791; but an interruption of twelve months, from October in that year, had occurred, during which he was employed in teaching the school of Grammar.



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vide for their safety. The young Lingard saw the danger, and resolved, if possible, to elude it. Many had already sought and found an opportunity to withdraw from the country. Their example encouraged him to make the attempt; and, on the 21st of February, 1793, he left the College, in company with William, afterwards Lord Stourton, and two brothers named Oliveira. Before the orders were issued which removed the remainder of the community to Escherquin, and thence to the citadel of Dourlens, he had safely effected his retreat into England.\*

It was not unnatural that the talents which he possessed, combined with the attention which he had been able to bestow on the youthful companions of his flight, should have recommended him to the patronage of Lord Stourton, the father of one of them. By that nobleman he was immediately invited to his residence. At the same time, he received from him the

\* A letter written from the college on the day on which Lingard took his departure gives the following account of the state of things at that time. "On the morning of Monday last, the 18th of the present month, a body of national guards was ordered to assemble at the Market Place, without being informed of the design of their expedition. They were no sooner assembled, and the commissaries from the district arrived, but they filed off to the five British establishments, which are settled in the town. We had not been informed of their coming till a few moments before their arrival, when some people, with countenances bespeaking their fears, ran to inform us that the guards were assembled to expel us from our habitations. I leave you to judge of our alarm at this information. They arrived soon after, and summoned the president and some others into the parlour. There an apostate priest and monk of Marchiennes, as a member of the district, read over a warrant which authorized them to impose the national seals upon the goods and papers of the college, as also those of the superiors. On leaving the parlour, the guards dispersed themselves in different galleries; some few excepted, who attended the commissaries in the different places where they laid the seals. The guards in general formed a despicable collection,—they were seemingly the scum of the town: the commissaries were equally unknown to us. The places on which the seals are to be seen are the president's and procurator's chests and papers, the divines' library, the curiosity room, the street-doors of the bakehouse, infirmary, and church. The sacristy was left untouched: the refectory plate *in part* was seen, but nothing taken. We are, indeed, apprehensive that, when they come to erase the seals, an entire inventory of our goods will be taken, after which term they will be said to be no more at our disposal. . . . There is no one amongst us who discovers reason for hope; but I suppose we shall linger on a month or two longer. . . . We have had two or three guards in the house since Monday last, the most ill-looking fellows you ever saw, so that we are obliged to have one or two to sit up to guard them."

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appointment of tutor to the son in whose company he had escaped; and, during the next twelve months, continued to superintend the studies, and direct the pursuits, of his youthful friend. Meanwhile, however, a party of the students, who had contrived to elude the vigilance of the guards at Dourlens, had arrived in England, and had found a temporary refuge in a school kept by the Rev. Arthur Storey, at Tudhoe, a village about six miles from Durham. Lingard had heard of their arrival, and, at the invitation of Bishop Gibson, had agreed to join them. With this view, therefore, he mentioned the circumstance to Lord Stourton, and, having signified his desire to resume his studies, solicited and obtained permission to resign the charge of his pupil. In the course of the summer, 1794, he repaired to Tudhoe, and assumed the direction of the little community, which had there been formed. In September, he removed, with his companions, to Pontop, the missionary residence of the Rev. Thomas Eyre; and, a few weeks later, accompanied the party to its final destination at Crook Hall, a dilapidated mansion, near Durham, which Bishop Gibson had hired and fitted up for its reception. It was on the 15th of October, 1794, that eight individuals, the sad but honoured representatives of the College of Douay, took possession of Crook Hall, and once more resumed their collegiate exercises. The seminary was now permanently embodied. Mr. Eyre, by the authority of Bishop Gibson, was installed as president; and Lingard, who had rapidly completed his course of theology, received the appointment of vice-president. In the following spring (April 18, 1795), he was ordained priest by Bishop Gibson at York.\* About the same time, he became Prefect of the Studies, and for many years filled the chair both of Natural and Moral Philosophy.

In his position as Professor, the future historian soon displayed those abilities for imparting information and instruction, which so eminently distinguished him through life. With a mind singularly clear and distinct in its perceptions, with a patience and perseverance not easy to be discomfited, he

\* Ushaw Register of Ordinations.

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mastered whatever he attempted himself, and trained his pupils to follow in the same course. He seized their objections; he resolved their difficulties; and, while he gained their affections by the kindness of his manner, he never failed to improve their minds by the simplicity and energy of his instructions. "I remember," says a living prelate, in a letter addressed to the writer of the present memoir,—“I remember that, when I had the good fortune, as a boy, to be Dr. Lingard's pupil, I learned more in one month, than I had done in six, under my former pedagogue; \* and I also remember that, while he was listening to me translating Latin into English, he was turning over the leaves of a large folio, and making notes for his future history of England;—and yet nothing escaped him of what I was reading.”

In the summer of 1808, the purchase of a small estate, and the erection of a more commodious house, enabled the community to remove to Ushaw. Lingard accompanied it in this last and more fortunate migration; and, during the next three years, continued to lend to the rising establishment the benefit of his abilities and his zeal.

By those who have seen, and can remember, the houses at Pontop and Crook, their confined dimensions, their limited accommodation, their bleak and miserable apartments, the hardships and privations endured by their inmates, during a space of fourteen years, will be easily imagined. But the men whom they sheltered had grown up in a school which laughed such considerations to scorn. They had been trained where confessors had lived, and whence martyrs had gone forth to their crown. They had been taught to look at labour as their daily food, and had learned to light up the darkest and the dreariest hours of life with a cheerfulness that was never at fault. Of the sacrifices which they made, and the shifts to which they were reduced, during their residence at these places, a thousand stories are told; to the expedients, by which they sought at once to improve their minds and forget the dis-

\* A term used at Douay, and still retained at Ushaw and Old Hall, for a private tutor.



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comforts of their situation, we are indebted for the first, and not the least interesting, of the publications of our historian.

In the evenings of winter, when each, according to his ability, was ready to bring in his contribution of amusement, they not unfrequently assembled for the reading of some original paper, produced by the industry of one or other of their body. From an early period, the mind of Lingard had been accustomed to dwell on the antiquities of his country.\* Perhaps his residence in a neighbourhood, where Jarrow and Weremouth still recalled the memory of Bede, and where Lindisfarne, and Hexham, and Tynemouth, and a hundred others, were yet eloquent of the past, contributed, in no small degree, to confirm the original bent of his genius. For the amusement of his companions, and in moments snatched from the various duties of his office, he embodied his thoughts on this subject in a series of detached papers. These papers were read by him to his friends at the evening fireside. They treated of the establishment of the faith among our Saxon ancestors, of the origin and progress of the monastic institute, of the government of the Church, of the religious practices of the people, of the learning, the literature, and the laws of the Anglo-Saxon times. As the reader advanced, the interest of his audience grew more intense: the extent of his reading and the depth of his research struck them at once with surprise and admiration: and when, at length, the series drew to a close, they united with one accord in urging him to mould the detached parts into a regular form, and publish them as a connected history. For a long time, his diffidence or his modesty withstood the application. At length, however, the importunity of his friends prevailed, and the work, since known as "The Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church," was committed to the press in Newcastle. It was published in 1806, in two volumes. Four years later, a second edition was issued from the same place; but, in 1844, he "recast the entire work,"

\* For his instruction and amusement, whilst yet a child, his mother "was accustomed to hire books, particularly historical ones, which he seemed eager to peruse."—*Mrs. Lingard's Narrative.*



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and, having added "a large portion of new and interesting matter," gave it to the world in the following year through the press of Mr. Dolman. Of this enlarged edition of the "Anglo-Saxon Church," and of the two powerful articles by the same writer in the "Dublin Review" (vols. viii. and xi.)—one entitled, "Did the Church of England Reform Herself?" the other, "The Ancient Church of England and the Liturgy of the Anglican Church"—it has been well observed, that they did more, in their quiet, unpretending, unostentatious way, to crush the pretensions, and dissipate the sophistry, of the Oxford writers, than all the essays and all the lucubrations put together of any and of every other writer.\*

In a notice so necessarily brief as the present, it would be impossible to give anything like a detailed account of all the minor publications of this eminent writer. His three letters addressed to the editor of the *Newcastle Courant*, on the subject of Catholic loyalty, were published in 1807, at a moment of great political excitement, and bear all the marks of that keen but polished satire, which generally distinguished his earlier polemical writings. They were followed or accompanied by his tracts, in answer to the charge of the Bishop of Durham, and to the replies and rejoinders poured forth by Philpotts, Faber, Coates, Hollingsworth, Le Mesurier, and other Episcopal defenders; and these again, at a later period, were succeeded by his pamphlet on the power of the Popes in this country; by his reviews of the anti-Catholic publications of Lord Kenyon, Dr. Huntingford, Dr. Tomline, and Dr. Burgess; by his "Strictures on Dr. Marsh's 'Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome;'"† and by his

\* The two Articles here mentioned, which were written at Cardinal Wiseman's own request and published as a foundation and support of his own arguments, sufficiently prove that the "friendly warning," to which that prelate alludes in one of his prefaces (*Essays*, II. vii.), was intended, not to "chill" the ardour, or discourage the exertions of the controversialist in his encounters with the Oxford writers, but simply to guard him against those "hopeful views," in reference to the approaching "Conversion of England," which recent experience has so significantly and so painfully shown to have been visionary.

† When these "Strictures" appeared, Dr. Kipling, then dean of Peterborough, whose blundering propensities are celebrated under the head of

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short treatise, written in answer to Sir John Cox Hippisley's Report to the House of Commons, and entitled "Observations on the Laws and Ordinances of Foreign States, relative to the religious concerns of their Catholic subjects." These were all collected and published in one octavo volume, in 1826: and, like the pamphlet entitled "*The Widow Woolfrey versus the Vicar of Carisbrook*," which he subsequently wrote as a "*Tract for the Times*," and which was printed by the Catholic Institute, may be justly regarded as models of polemical and theological excellence.

In September, 1811, our author retired from Ushaw. In the spring of that year, he had been urged by Bishop Moylan to accept the presidency of the college at Maynooth. But he declined the offer, as, at a later period, he declined a similar offer from Dr. Poynter, in reference to Old Hall: and, adopting a course which was more agreeable to his habits and disposition, he withdrew to the secluded mission at Hornby.

He was now in a situation to pursue his studies, with but slight interruption from his professional duties; and the first fruits of his leisure were given to the world in some of the publications which have been already mentioned, followed or accompanied by his masterly preface to one of the Dublin editions of "Ward's Errata of the Protestant Bible," by his introduction to "The Protestant's Apology for the Roman Catholic Church," published by Mr. Talbot, in 1812; and by

"Kiplingisms," in the Cambridge "Dictionary of Colloquial Expressions," took offence at the term "Modern Church of England," which Lingard had employed; and, imagining that it came within the category of "seditious words, in derogation of the established religion," wrote to Lingard through the public papers, informing him that, unless, within "a reasonable time," he should "publish a vindication of this defamatory language," he should be indicted under the statute, and "summoned to answer for his offensive demeanour in Westminster Hall." By way of reply, Lingard merely advertised the "Strictures" in all the papers which had contained the dean's letter: and Kipling, after another letter, and a short rejoinder from Lingard repeating the original offence, affected to discover that the latter was not, as he had supposed, "a popish priest," and "entreated pardon" for having entertained "the erroneous notion!" Here the matter dropped; but the litigious ardour of the dean was not lost upon the wits of Cambridge, whose merriment on the occasion was exhibited in an abundant supply of anecdotes to Lingard, at the expense of his fiery assailant.

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various other treatises of equal ability and learning. Meanwhile he was silently, and almost unconsciously, preparing for that great work, which was to crown the pyramid of his fame, and to render a service to religion and the world, such as no other man or men in this generation could have performed. From the moment when his "Anglo-Saxon Church" had appeared, his friends had never ceased to urge him to a continuance of the work, and to the publication of a general history of the country. Their importunities, however, had been met by reasons which it would be impossible to discuss in this place. He hesitated to embark in an undertaking which might be injurious to the interests of the college: and, during his residence at Ushaw, the design, if ever conceived, was abandoned. With his removal to Hornby the subject was revived. The solicitations of his friends again came to assist the inclination of his genius; and, after some time, it was generally understood that he was employed on this important work. But the reader will be surprised to learn that *an abridgment for the use of schools* was all that his modesty had allowed him to contemplate. Writing to a friend, in August, 1813, he says, "I have proceeded but a short way in my abridgment of English History for the use of schools:..... as to the Anglo-Norman Church, I must leave that to some future period." Two years later, he tells the same friend that he has "buried Henry VII.," and is returning to revise the earlier portion of the work. But his researches had already led him beyond the limits which he had originally assigned to himself. When he returned to revise, he found it "necessary to re-write what he had previously written:" the "abridgment" was thrown aside; and his energies were now directed to the great work that was before him.

In April, 1817, he left England with a party of friends, on a tour to Rome and the southern states of Italy. The party arrived in Rome on the evening of the 25th of May; and Lingard, who had been commissioned by Dr. Poynter to negotiate some matters of importance, proceeded at once to deliver his letters of introduction, and to call on the several



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cardinals to whom they were directed. The first, which was presented by Mr. McPherson, the president of the Scotch College, was addressed to Litta, the prefect of Propaganda. It was accompanied by a copy of the Anglo-Saxon Antiquities, and of the Reply to Sir John Cox Hippisley's Report; and was received by the cardinal with the most gracious assurance of welcome, with promises of assistance whenever it might be required, and with an undertaking, in furtherance of the historical researches of the new visitor, to facilitate his admission to the libraries, and to procure for him transcripts of such unpublished documents as he might want. The presentation of this letter of introduction was followed by the personal visit of Lingard himself. Unfortunately, however, in the interval which had elapsed, another letter, written by ———, had arrived from England. Of the precise nature of its contents no mention was made, but it had "cooled the friendly ardour of the cardinal;" and Lingard, instead of the welcome which he had anticipated, was briefly told that his Eminence was acquainted with the calumnies contained in Hume; that Dr. Milner, in his "History of Winchester," and his "Letters to a Prebendary," had already exposed and refuted them; that the same prelate had sufficiently replied to the "Report of Sir John Cox Hippisley" by his "Humble Remonstrance;" and, as the inference from all this, that any further researches for the purposes of English history were unnecessary, or of trifling importance. Lingard, though mortified at this reception, was not deterred from the pursuit of his object. He successively waited on the other members of the Sacred College, to whom the letters of Dr. Poynter had introduced him. By all he was received with courtesy and respect; by Consalvi, the cardinal secretary of state, with a kindness and condescension, which abundantly compensated for the indifference or the unwillingness of Litta. Every request was granted; every facility was secured to him; and, when he left Rome, he had the satisfaction of informing Dr. Poynter that he had succeeded in his mission, and, among other matters, that the English College was again restored to the government of the secular

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clergy. During his stay, the archives of the Vatican had, by the orders of Cardinal Consalvi, been unreservedly opened to him. But, unfortunately, the privilege was of little use. "Everything," he says in his Diary, "had been thrown into so much confusion by the French Revolution, that I did not procure all the codices I wanted."

The party returned by the Simplon, and, having visited Geneva and the Glaciers, of which his Journal contains an amusing description, arrived in England before the beginning of September. By the end of the year, he found himself sufficiently advanced with his work to think of publication. Writing to Mr. Kirk, in January, 1818, he says, "I am now in treaty with a Protestant bookseller in London. If it be concluded (I doubt it much), I shall of course appear during what is called the season in London; and, as it is too late for me to appear this year, I shall come into the world next year." The treaty, however, *was* concluded. For the sum of one thousand guineas, Mr. Mawman became the purchaser of so much of the history as should extend to the death of Henry VII.: and, in the early part of the year 1819, the three volumes embracing that period were published. In the succeeding year, the reigns of Henry VIII. and his son appeared in a fourth volume: those of Mary and Elizabeth, James and the two Charleses, followed at various intervals: and, in the spring of 1830, the eighth and concluding volume brought the history down to the Revolution of 1688. In the mean time, the reputation of the work had been rapidly extending, with the appearance of each succeeding volume. At home and on the continent, it had been hailed with admiration, by scholars of every creed and every shade of opinion. A second and a third edition had long since been called for in England:\* translations in French and German

\* For the second edition he received 1,333*l.*; for each of the last five volumes of the first edition, 350*l.*: making, with the thousand guineas paid by Mawman for the first three volumes, a gross sum of 4,133*l.* for these two editions. In reference to this subject, and as an evidence of the manner in which the interests of Religion entered into all his views and intentions, I ought to add that the establishment of several burses, for the education of ecclesiastical students at Ushaw, was only one of the many charitable and

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had been published: an Italian translation had been commenced, and was printing, by the Pope's desire, at the press of the Propaganda;\* an English edition was in course of publication in America; and another in ten volumes had already been issued by the Parisian bookseller, Galignani. In France, by a special decree of the University of Paris, it was ordered that a copy should be placed in the library of every College, and that copies should be distributed as prizes to the students in philosophy and rhetoric. In Rome, from its first appearance, it had been received with a delight bordering upon enthusiasm. "Your fourth volume," writes Dr. Gradwell, then president of the English College, "arrived here about three weeks ago, to the joy of the whole house.....As soon as we have finished it once over, it is bespoke at the Scotch college; then by Father O'Finan, of the Irish Dominicans; then by Monsignor Testa, the Pope's Latin secretary; then by Father Grandi Procurator-general of the Barnabites, with whom Cardinal Fontana, his predecessor, lives. Their eagerness is extreme. We have heard it with the highest satisfaction. For my own part, I never read a volume of history with so much pleasure.....Every succeeding volume increases in interest..... You must have a D.D. postfixed to your name in the title-page of the next." And that distinction *was* accorded to him. The Pope (it was Pius VII.), aware of his merits, resolved to bestow on him a public testimony of his approbation; and, on the 24th of August, 1821, caused a brief to be issued, in which, after an affectionate recital of his labours in the cause of religion, and in defence of the authority of the Holy See (*hujus præcipuè S. Sedis defensionem*), he conferred on him the triple academical laurel, and created him Doctor of Divinity, and of

religious purposes, to which he devoted the large sums of money derived from his various writings.

\* "Gregori's translation of your History is going to press forthwith. It will be printed at Propaganda. New types are casting for the purpose. It will be published by subscription. *The Pope subscribes for two hundred copies.*"—(*Dr. Gradwell to Lingard, Oct. 2, 1827*). "Cardinal Cristaldi, Tesoriere Generale, subscribes, in his ministerial capacity, for either 300 or 500 copies. . . . The list was increasing daily when I left Rome."—*Same to Same, Jan. 23, 1829.*



Canon and Civil Law. Nor was Leo XII. less attached to him than his predecessor. When, in the summer of 1825, he paid his second visit to Rome, that pontiff saw him frequently, and always expressed the greatest affection for him. On more than one occasion, he endeavoured to persuade him to take up his residence in Rome. "Was there nothing," he once inquired, "that he could give him, which would induce him to comply with this desire?" The historian referred to his work, and to the necessity of being in England to complete it. "But why?" asked the Pope;—"all the libraries in Italy will be open to you." "Yes, but I want original papers, which will be found only in England." "How long then will it take you to finish?"—"This," adds Lingard, who tells the story in a letter to a friend, "I put off with some indefinite answer." Leo, however, at parting, gave him the gold medal which etiquette then generally confined to cardinals and princes; and, at a creation of cardinals in the following year, informed the Consistory, that, among those whom he had reserved *in petto* for the same dignity, was one, "a man of great talents, an accomplished scholar, whose writings, drawn *ex authenticis fontibus*, had not only rendered great service to religion, but had delighted and astonished Europe."\* In Rome, this was generally understood to refer to the historian of England. To him, however, it suggested only uneasiness and alarm: and his first anxiety, on receiving the report, was to avert the threatened dignity. "Testa," he says in a letter to a correspondent, "wrote the allocution. He is my particular friend: and I have informed him that the report has reached me; that I have laughed at it; but that, if I suspected it were true, I should expect from his friendship for me, that he would use all his influence with the Pope (they spend many of their evenings together), to divert him from his purpose. In fact, I cannot bear the idea of expatriating myself, much less of shackling myself with all the state and formality of the Roman court."

The progress of the history had not entirely absorbed the

\* Dr. Gradwell to Lingard, from Rome, Nov. 11, 1826.

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attention of Dr. Lingard. On his return from Rome, in October, 1825, his learning was displayed in two powerful articles inserted in the "British Critic;" one on the works of Joannes Corippus, the other on an Armenian version of Eusebius, which had been brought by his friend, Mr. Brown, from the Armenian convent at Venice. In the following June, the ferocious attack levelled at him by Mr. Allen, in the "Edinburgh Review," called his mind in another direction, and afforded him an opportunity of replying to the charges of the various assailants of his history. Some time during the October of 1825, Dr. Lingard, through the agency and at the request of Mawman, had inserted in the *British Press* newspaper an article on the authenticity of a MS. in the king's library at Paris. It was written anonymously: but the writer had incautiously spoken of an interview between himself and Mons. Buchon, the king's librarian, on the subject of this MS.; and Mawman, unfortunately, in conveying it to the *Press* for publication, had, unknown to Lingard, added to it a passage, which reflected in some manner upon Allen.\* The latter saw the passage; and, availing himself of the clue afforded by the mention of M. Buchon, made application to that gentleman; ascertained that Lingard was the person who had examined the MS. in question; and, to revenge the affront which he supposed to have been offered by the historian, immediately wrote the article on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.† Lingard, when he saw the review, was startled for the moment. "I must own," he says in one of his letters, "that, at the first view, I could not contemplate such an array of authorities and citations without

\* A writer in the "Dublin Review" (xii. 351) says, that the letter in the *British Press* was written by Mr. Sedgwick, Commissioner of the Board of Stamps. Lingard, however, in all his correspondence at the time, acknowledges himself to be the author: though, in one of his letters to Mawman (Nov. 5, 1826), he adds—"I recollect that there was something rather sharp added to what I wrote; but the exact particulars I know not now." Possibly, the additional matter was the work of Sedgwick.

† "Dr. Allen met Mr. Butler at Brighton, and, without any introduction, told him that he should never have written the article, had it not been to revenge himself on me for the letter published in the newspaper last year, at the end of which was something that highly offended him."—*Lingard to Mawman*, Nov. 5, 1826.



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feeling some alarm : but that alarm began to subside, when I saw the reviewer, at the conclusion, toiling and writhing under the attempt to reconcile his theory with an undisputed fact ; and it existed no longer, when I had compared my own statement with the critique.\* In the course of a few weeks, he had prepared his reply. In it he denounced the ungenerous and unfair dealing of his assailant ; hinted at the motives which had produced the attack ; and, having exposed the artifices and misrepresentations of the review, effectually established the correctness of his original statement. With the reply to Allen he united a short notice of the strictures published by Mr. Todd on his character of Cranmer, and of those inserted in the sixty-fifth number of the "Quarterly Review," on the subject of Anne Boleyn : and while his immediate friends were congratulating him on the result of his encounter, Sir William Hamilton, professor of history in the University of Edinburgh, Mr. Petrie, of the Tower, Dr. Kaye, bishop of Bristol, and most of the leading scholars of the day, were loudly proclaiming him victorious. The publication of the secret despatches of Salviati, a few years later, finally decided the question in his favour.

His remaining works can only be slightly noticed. At the request of Bishop Milner, in 1823, he compiled the Lessons for the English Saints, which were afterwards approved and inserted in the "Breviary." His "Remarks on the 'St. Cuthbert' of the Rev. James Raine" were published in 1828, during the progress of the History. They were followed by his "Translation of the Four Gospels," printed in 1836 ; by his "Catechetical Instructions," which appeared in 1840 ; by his "Manual of Prayers for Sundays and Holidays," published at York in 1844 ;† and by various contributions to the "Ca-

\* To Mawman, Aug. 1, 1826.

† This, however, was only an enlargement of a smaller specimen, of which he had privately printed a few copies in 1833. Speaking of it in a letter to the present writer, in November of that year, he says,—“ I wrote it some time ago, with the following view. Judging, from appearances, that the very foundations of the Established Church were crumbling beneath it, I inferred that we ought to throw wide open the portals of our own church, to receive such Protestants as may be willing to seek refuge within its walls ;

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tholic Magazine," "Dolman's Magazine," the "Dublin Review," and other periodicals.\* In the mean time, the History, though completed, was still to undergo the revision of his maturer thought. Fortunately both for himself and for the world, he lived long enough not only to receive the suggestions of his friends, and become acquainted with whatever the ingenuity of his enemies could object, but also to derive instruction or support from those new sources of information, which the labours of modern research had opened since the appearance of his earlier volumes. Of all these aids he eagerly and anxiously availed himself. Thrice he diligently revised the whole work; and, in three successive and severally improved editions, gave to the world the result of these later studies. The last edition, from which the present reprint has been stereotyped, was published by Mr. Dolman, in 1849, in ten octavo volumes. It embodies the substance of all the recent disco-

and therefore that we ought to remove every impediment, and hold out every allurements, consistently with our doctrines and necessary practices. I resolved, in consequence, to try whether a prayer-book might not be so composed, as not to offend the taste of men of education, and, at the same time, to present to them, in appearance undesignedly, arguments to reconcile them to our peculiar forms of worship. I made the experiment as to the Mass, at the same time assimilating the prayers of the people, as much as might be, to those of the priest, since both are offerers in their respective stations,—*'Meum ac vestrum Sacrificium.'* I afterwards added the prayers for Sundays, for the purpose of giving a new translation of the *Gloria Patri*, &c., and the *Pater de cælis Deus*, &c., and a new arrangement of psalms for the people,—selecting from different psalms such passages as are easily understood, and connecting them together, as is sometimes done in the graduals of the missal: for I think it folly to give them whole psalms to recite, nine-tenths of which it is not possible for them to understand."—It is in the published edition of 1844, that his beautiful translation of the *Ave Maris Stella* appears.

\* One paper published by him in the "Catholic Magazine," for January, 1841, on the subject of an ancient Christian Inscription, then lately discovered at Autun, is strikingly illustrative of his critical powers. Father Secchi, a Jesuit professor of Greek at Rome, had deciphered the inscription, and had attempted to restore such parts of it as were missing. The result of his labours was given to the world in a small pamphlet; and Dr. Wiseman, who adopted his interpretation, immediately noticed the work in an article in the "Dublin Review" (ix. 527). But Lingard was not satisfied. He saw that the conjectural restorations of the professor were open to a variety of objections: and he accordingly drew up a paper for the "Catholic Magazine," suggesting a different reading, and pointing out the mistakes of his predecessor. For simplicity and beauty, the interpretation of the historian will always, I think, be deemed far superior to that of the learned Italian.

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veries connected with English history, and contains a large quantity of new and important matter.

It was the last literary effort of his great and powerful mind. In the notice which he prefixed to it, he had pathetically alluded to his declining health, and had told the public that "a long and painful malady, joined with the infirmities of age, had already admonished him to bid a final adieu to those studies, with which he had been so long familiar." He survived, however, more than two years, suffering intensely from an accumulation of maladies; but always cheerful, always resigned, always manifesting that vigour of intellect, that playfulness of thought, that kind, considerate, gentle disposition, which had endeared him through life to all who had possessed the happiness of his acquaintance. On Easter Sunday, 1851, he was out for the last time. He was walking in his garden in company with a friend; and, as if seized with a sudden presentiment of his approaching death, turned to his companion, and insisted on his *then* taking with him some young oak trees which he had raised from the acorns of a favourite tree,\* and which were to be planted and preserved as memorials of him. On the following day, he became seriously ill, and took to his bed. During the months of May and June, he grew gradually worse; and, before the end of the latter, the hopes of his friends had almost disappeared. "Dr. Lingard's mind," writes one of them, Mrs. Thomas Lomax, on the 27th of June, "was more alive to a joke, and could follow out a conversation better yesterday than on the Friday previous: but what a comparison is that! Could we compare it with any Friday *in last year*, something might be said." For three weeks, however, he still continued to linger. As the hour approached, which was to terminate his earthly career, his mind, already withdrawn from the earth, became more intensely fixed on that future state to which he was hastening. With the humble confidence and the cheerful resignation of the Christian, he prepared himself for the great change: and on the 17th of

\* This tree had been raised by him from an acorn, which he brought from the banks of Lake Traemene, in 1817.



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July, 1851, having received all the rites of the Church, he calmly expired, in the eighty-first year of his age. By his own desire, his body was conveyed to Ushaw, where it was interred, with those of the bishops, and presidents of the house, in the cloister of the College cemetery.

Of the character of Dr. Lingard, in private life, the best eulogy will be found in the sorrows poured forth upon his grave. Endeared to all by the simplicity of his manners, by the benevolence of his disposition, and by the affectionate warmth of his heart, his death was deplored by those who knew him, almost as a domestic calamity; his loss was regarded as of one whose place could never be supplied. With his neighbours of every creed and of every shade of opinion, he lived in habits of familiar and unreserved intercourse. Ardentlly attached to his religion himself, imbued with a deep sense of the sanctity of its precepts, and the divine authority of its doctrines, he sought to extend its influence among others, not by the jarring elements of disputatious criticism, not by wounding the prejudices, or challenging the hostility, of his Protestant brethren, but by the innocence of his life, by the modesty of his demeanour, and by the exercise of all the calm, quiet, unobtrusive virtues, which adorn the character of the Christian. He was eminently the lover of peace, the promoter of charity, "in season and out of season." Writing to his amiable friend, Dr. Oliver, on one occasion, he says, "I shall be happy to receive your third volume, and rejoice greatly that you are proceeding successfully with your *Monasticon* of the Diocese of Exeter. I anticipate much benefit to religion from such labours as yours. They must bring you into company and familiarity with many Protestant clergymen, and thus contribute to moderate at least the bitterness of religious dissension; and, moreover, must silently operate on the prejudices of your Protestant readers. For my own part, I conceive that he who contributes to remove prejudices now, lays the groundwork of conversions hereafter: for prejudice in general indisposes Protestants, not only from yielding to argument, but even from listening to it."\*

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In conversation, among his more intimate friends, Dr. Lingard was the delight of all who heard him. The buoyancy of his mind, the playfulness of his wit, and the rich store of anecdote for ever at his command, gave to him a power over his companions which it was impossible to withstand. Connected with this subject, a ludicrous story is told among his friends. During the Northern Assizes, several of the leaders of the bar, among whom were Scarlett, Pollock, Brougham, and some others, were frequently in the habit of going over from Lancaster to Hornby, on a Sunday or other vacant day, to spend it with Lingard. As usual, one Sunday morning, before Mass, a party of them drove up to the house, and informed the servant that they intended to dine with the Doctor. In an agony of dismay, she ran to her master. The only leg of mutton which they had in the house had just been *cut in two*; and what could be done in a country village, where nothing more was to be procured? Lingard was not disturbed. "Sew the pieces together," said he, "and roast them as one: and I will take care that it is not discovered." She did so. The joint, thus repaired, was served up; and so entertained were the guests by his conversation, that the expedient passed off unobserved.

The modesty of Dr. Lingard, and his anxiety, on all occasions, to withdraw from public notice, were remarkable features in his character. Even when a youth at Douay, an accidental commendation from his tutor\* once threw him into a state of such painful confusion, that the tutor never again ventured to praise him in his presence. To the frequency with which he was consulted on all matters of importance, and to the negotiation by which he obtained the restoration of the English College in Rome, I have already alluded. Of the bishops, there were few by whom his advice was not habitually sought. They applied to him in their difficulties; they asked his counsel in the various transactions in which they were engaged: but in no instance could they succeed in drawing him from his retirement; and in no case has he left an evidence to

\* The late Rev. R. Platt, of Puddington, in Cheshire.

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mark the share which he took in those affairs. It was the same with the English College in Rome. The negotiation for the recovery of that establishment, and for the restitution of its government to the secular clergy, was conducted by him in circumstances of no ordinary difficulty. It was a matter of the highest importance to religion, a transaction which conferred incalculable benefits on the clergy of this country: and yet, he was content to work in silence, in secret; to make no account of what he had effected, and, as far as he was personally concerned, to leave no trace of what he had accomplished. Among the papers which have been found since his death, there is no allusion to this subject; even the Diary kept by him, at the very moment, in Rome, is silent when it arrives at this point.

Allied to his modesty, and not, perhaps, unconnected with his simple and retiring habits, was that lofty principle of action, which raised Dr. Lingard so immeasurably above the views and expedients of the ordinary world. Too proud to solicit the favours, or to court the smiles, of the great, he placed his reliance upon the efforts of his own mind, and scorned to incur an obligation, which could even be thought to compromise his independence. I well remember, when, some years subsequent to the completion of the History, the failure of a certain banking-house in Lancashire was understood to have inflicted considerable injury on the neighbourhood, and, among other sufferers, on Dr. Lingard. The report of the disaster, and of its effects, particularly, on the finances of the historian, reached the ears of the duke of Norfolk. To relieve the difficulty of the moment, was the first impulse of the venerable nobleman: to devise the means of permanent assistance was the subject of his anxious deliberation. At first, it was proposed to assail the Government with urgent and general solicitations, from the Catholic peers, for an allowance from the pension list: afterwards, it was thought that such a proceeding might savour more of political intrigue than of a testimony to distinguished merit; and it was, therefore, resolved to supply from private contributions what it was deemed impolitic to

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seek from the public fund. Of the unqualified success of the scheme there was no doubt. The parties to subscribe were known ; the sums to be produced were ready : and the consent of him, who was mainly interested in the result, was all that was required to give effect to the design. But that consent was not to be obtained. He was sensible, indeed, of the intended kindness : he was grateful for such a testimony of approbation and regard : but, while he appreciated the motive, he begged to decline the honour, and requested that the project might be abandoned. Of course, the idea of a subscription was at once laid aside ; and nearly two years had elapsed, when, from another quarter, and in a different form, the subject was again revived. The following is Mr. Edward Blount's account of this interesting transaction. It is from a letter addressed by him to Dr. Lingard, in April, 1839 :—

“ I happened to call, as I frequently do, on Lord and Lady Holland. They were alone ; and, in the course of conversation, Lady Holland remarked that some tribute ought to be paid to Dr. Lingard's literary merits ; in which Lord Holland cordially concurred. I very naturally inquired how this was to be done :—‘ By your seeing Lord Melbourne, and suggesting it to him.’ ‘ But will Lord Holland pave the way ? ’ ‘ Most undoubtedly ; and so will I,’ said the lady. A few days after” [he had written to Lingard, and obtained his answer, in the interval] “ I asked an audience of Lord Melbourne ; Lord and Lady Holland having seen him. He received me in the most friendly manner, and expressed an anxious desire to enter on the subject. I told him plainly, and *sans détour*, that he must expect no solicitation from you, no plea of actual want ; and that you would take nothing that was not voluntarily accorded. I read to him your letter to me ; and he seemed doubtful what fund he could make available to our purpose : for it would seem that the Government pensions are, strictly speaking, eleemosynary, urgently pressed for, and accompanied by the earnest solicitations of friends, and the grossest exaggerations. He gave you full credit for the delicacy of your mode of proceeding, and



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said he would try what he could do, and that I should hear from him.

“ I repeated my visits to Holland House, and found them as active and anxious as I could wish them to be: and I saw Lord Melbourne again; and was, shortly after, informed by Lady Holland that something was to be done for you. The rest you know. The sum is too small” [it was 300*l.* granted from the privy purse of the queen]: “ but allow me to say that if it be not larger, the *blame* falls on Dr. Lingard, who was too high-minded to canvass and supplicate, and thus to become regularly qualified for the pension list.”

Combined with his modesty and independence, there was, in the composition of Dr. Lingard's character, that peculiar strength of mind, which, firm in the consciousness of its own integrity, enabled him to look with calmness, and almost with indifference, on the attacks of his various assailants. With the single exception of the reply to Dr. Allen, he was never induced to take formal notice of the charges of his adversaries: even the efforts of his enemies to impeach his character at Rome were unable to disturb his composure, or engage him in any measures of defence. Of one person, indeed, and in private, he would sometimes speak in terms of painful and pathetic complaint;—“ For some reason or other, he persecuted my father till his death, and since, has persecuted me!” But the pang called forth no external effort. The tear, that started at the recollection of his father, was wiped away; and he left his own wrongs to vindicate themselves. Writing to a friend, in October, 1823, two years before his interview with Pope Leo, and before the offer of that Pontiff to provide for him in Rome, he thus refers to some recent proceedings of the person in question:—“ As for myself and ———, I can tell you but little. On the 4th of August, Mr. White, the *locum-tenens* for Dr. Gradwell, was desired to send the volumes of my history to the Propaganda, and to call himself in the course of the day. There he was shown a long letter from ———, and permitted to extract three passages; those, I suppose, of chief importance 1st.—A false translation of that, in which



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I say the mind of St. Thomas became gradually tinged with enthusiasm. 2nd.—One in which I say that the *apostasy* of Ridley was severely chastised by Bradford. 3rd.—And another in which ——— asserts that I praise Cranmer for his arguments against the mass. Mr. White wrote a memorial in defence of the book.....However, I have desired Mr. Gradwell not to take up the business at all. If the Propagandists have time for such trifles, they have the book: let them read and judge for themselves.”

In another letter, written in February, 1829, he tells the following story:—“ A curious intrigue respecting myself has lately come to my knowledge. A severe critique on my history, in which I am described as the most dangerous enemy who has assailed the rights of the Church in the present century, was sent from Rome last autumn, and published in the *Mémorial Catholique*, printed in Paris. In December, the same critique, but purporting to be a translation in Italian, and printed without license, with *Bastia* in the title-page, was furtively circulated in Rome, and communicated to every person of consequence in that city. Dr. Baines and Dr. Wiseman have written, wishing me to answer it. *That* I cannot do, because I have never seen it, and *will not* do, because I think it not worth the trouble. They do not know who the author of the critique is, or that it was originally written in Rome. *That* I discovered by the following means. Another critique, with a confidential letter, was sent to the editor of the ‘*Quotidienne*,’ in January, signed *Ventura*. The editor, instead of publishing it, sent me a copy. Padre Ventura is a Theatine, *Ultramontaniste enragé*, whom the Pope, on account of his extravagant opinions, removed from the chair of Jurisprudence in the Sapienza, two or three years ago.”\*

\* The following is Dr. Gradwell’s account of Ventura and his principles: “There is at Rome, as well as in France and elsewhere, a faction of Catholic zealots, ultras in every thing,—in divinity, in ethics, metaphysics, history, and law. They lay down abstract principles, and then draw from them the most extravagant conclusions. As Hutchinsonians lay it down that all wisdom is in the Bible, and hence expatiate into wild conclusions; so these lay it down as a maxim, that church authority and Catholic truth are everything in science. All the rest is infidelity and atheism. The head of these

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It remains to speak of Dr. Lingard's literary character. To a mind of singular clearness and rapidity in its perceptions he added an exhaustless energy of thought, a diligence and activity that were never unemployed. His industry was untiring. Ever ready to impart his knowledge and render assistance to others, he was addressed from all quarters, and on every subject, for information. As his reputation increased, these applications became proportionably more numerous. The scholars of the continent joined with those of his own country in seeking the aid of his learning or his advice; and post after post brought evidence of the estimation in which he was universally held. Hence, a large addition to the labours inseparable from his own studies was entailed upon him. To answer these letters alone required no inconsiderable portion of his time. Yet his assiduity was always equal to the task.

at Rome is a Theatine from Palermo, Padre Ventura. He is a great metaphysician and prolific writer. About 1825, the Pope, who had heard that Ventura was a great man in his way, invited him to Rome, and gave him a professor's chair at the Sapienza. He dictated his course. One volume was printed: I believe the imprimatur was refused to the second. The book was that of a mountebank; and his lectures were laughed at by the young, as buffoonery. Men of reflection thought that he was not only revolutionizing philosophy, but (and this was my own opinion) undermining religion. I am sorry that I had such contempt for his system and extravagancies, that I cannot now trust myself to report them. I think he defined man to be *intellectus organizatus*, or *substantia spiritualis corpore induta*. He represents the British Government as a perfect monster, and the worst of all governments. The church is the fountain of power: then kings follow, who derive their power from the church. Less perfect, and further from religion, are limited monarchies; because part of the authority, which the monarch derived from the church, is withheld by others. Less perfect still are republics, which have less of the principle of original authority, and more consequently of infidelity, in their construction. But the English constitution is rebellion against the ecclesiastical principle, and consequently atheistical. After holding his chair one year, the Pope was obliged to discharge him. Ventura was hooted by men of sense; but yet he had, and still has, a party in Rome, even among some of the less wise cardinals. The late Cardinal Spina and Cardinal Zurla had just notions about this man's quackery." (*Letter to Lingard, January 23, 1829.*)—I need only add, that he is the same Ventura, who, twenty years later, as the follower of Mazzini, and the companion of Gavazzi, so disgracefully distinguished himself amidst the excesses of the republican party in Rome: and that Dr. Wiseman, in the letter to which Lingard alludes above, describes his pamphlet as "*the drivelling of a mad ultra*," which Lingard "*could answer in an hour.*" (*Letter to Dr. Gradwell, January 4, 1829.*) It was entitled "*Osservazioni nella Storia d' Inghilterra del Dottore Lingard, dirette in forma di Lettera al Sign. Editore del Memoriale Cattolico.*"

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To each subject presented to him his attention was cheerfully directed ; and to each correspondent, however humble or however remote, a reply was punctually returned.

To assist the industry of Dr. Lingard, he possessed an ease and rapidity of composition, rarely equalled, and hardly ever excelled. It was late one *Saturday night*, during the progress of the Durham Controversy, when he received the pamphlet entitled, "A Protestant's Reply," by Elijah Index (Mr. Coates, of Bedlington) ; on the following *Monday morning*, before six o'clock, his "Review" of this pamphlet was on its way to Newcastle to be printed. "I know this," writes the Rev. Robert Hogarth, "from having been his amanuensis on the occasion. He dictated the greater part, without notes, much faster than I could write ; and the whole production went to press without one solitary alteration : and yet, both of us were in attendance at our respective duties (in the college) on Sunday, as if nothing of the kind was going on."—Another anecdote, connected with the first appearance of his "Anglo-Saxon Antiquities," is familiar among his friends. The work had been sent to the press, and the first volume had been actually printed, when Lingard, in the remote solitude of Crook Hall, for the first time obtained a copy of the later volumes of Mr. Sharon Turner's publication on the same subject. The discoveries of Turner rendered a revisal of the work necessary. He therefore applied himself to the task at once ; and actually re-wrote the whole of the second volume, without stopping the press for a single day. Of the astonishing rapidity with which some of the earlier volumes of his History were written, we have his own account, in a letter addressed to Mr. Kirk, in December, 1823. Kirk had written to him, enclosing the strictures of some unnamed friend upon the History ; and Lingard, in reply to one of these strictures, says :—"I am as much, perhaps more, dissatisfied with the style than he is. But style is become with me a secondary object. The task I have imposed on myself of taking nothing on credit, but of going to the original author, is so laborious, that I have no time to throw away on the graces of style. Of this you will be convinced, when I tell



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you, what I have never yet mentioned to any one, that, in March, 1818, when I made the agreement with Mawman, I had written only to the end of Edward II. I agreed to go to press in October following: so that, in the course of seven months, I had to look over all I had written, to make numerous additions, and to compose the lives of the succeeding monarchs (to the end of Henry VII.). This I did, so as not to stop the press an hour: but it was a greater labour than I ever underwent in my life; nor would I have done it, had I not found that, unless I fixed a time, I should never get through. Hence, I attended little to style; and hence, I am convinced, there must be omissions and occasional inaccuracies."

As a polemical and controversial writer, it is but trifling praise to say that Dr. Lingard stands immeasurably above every other Catholic author of the same class in England. For elegance of style, for felicity of illustration, for all the lighter graces of composition, united with that clear, calm, analytic power which at once seizes and destroys the argument of an opponent, his Tracts in the Durham Controversy, and his other shorter effusions, may fairly challenge comparison with any similar productions. His Catechetical Instructions are a masterly abridgment of the whole body of moral and controversial divinity; and his Introduction to the translation of the Four Gospels embodies an argument so clear, so simple, and so convincing, as to be fairly irresistible. In its peculiar class, it is, perhaps, the happiest effort of his genius. That any person, sincerely desirous of the truth, and seriously perusing this Introduction, should remain contented to receive the Scripture as the sole rule of faith, is hardly, I think, within the range of possibility.

But it is in connection with his History that the name of Dr. Lingard will take its place in the literary annals of future ages. Of this great work it may be fearlessly asserted, that it is at once the most complete, the most unbiassed, and therefore the most perfect, of all the histories of this country that have ever yet appeared. In the mere accessory of style, indeed, it is possible that, with all its classical purity and simplicity, it may

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still be deficient in that energy which it is fashionable to ascribe to the writings of Hume: but, in all those higher qualities which adorn and dignify a history,—in the fulness of its details, in the lucid arrangement of its parts, in the dramatic grouping of its characters, in deep research, in patient investigation, in the power to elicit, and the honesty to state, the truth, it rises far superior to the work of the great Scottish historian. In impartiality it stands alone. Never did a writer come forward more fearlessly to expose error, and, by the simple power of truth, to destroy the theories, and dissipate the prejudices, of ages. When Dr. Lingard conceived the idea of this work, he was not insensible to the difficulties by which such an undertaking would be surrounded. He was a Catholic and a clergyman: he knew that his motives would be suspected, and that his statements would be received with mistrust. To the disadvantages of his position was added the arduous nature of the task which he had assigned to himself. Hitherto, history had, in a great measure, been taken upon trust. Writer had followed after writer in the same track, and fiction had almost acquired the substance of reality. To remove these impediments; to gain the ear, and secure the confidence, of the public; to overthrow the vast fabric which falsehood had erected, and prejudice had continued to uphold, was the important enterprise in which, with a full knowledge of its difficulties, and a firm resolution to meet them with truth, with candour, and with impartiality, he was about to embark. In a letter to Mr. Kirk, he thus explains his views and feelings on this subject:—"Through the work, I made it a rule to tell the truth, whether it made for or against us; to avoid all appearance of controversy, that I might not repel Protestant readers; and yet to furnish every necessary proof in our favour, in the notes: so that, if you compare my narrative with Hume's, for example, you will find that, with the aid of the notes, it is a complete refutation of him, without appearing to be so. This I thought preferable. In my account of the Reformation, I must say much to shock Protestant prejudices; and my only chance of being read by Protestants depends on my having the reputation of a tempe-

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rate writer. The good to be done, is by writing a book which Protestants will read." \*—And, in a subsequent letter to the same person, he adds,—“ Your friend thinks I should have occasionally assumed a tone of piety, and betrayed something more of a bias towards the Catholic cause. I think, that, if I wished to do good, I ought to have written as an indifferent spectator. Time and experience must decide between us. Should their verdict be against me, no one will deplore my misjudgment more than myself.” †

Of the wisdom of these sentiments it would be impossible to entertain a doubt. Until the appearance of his History, the Protestant mind was, in a great measure, inaccessible to argument. It had its own views, its own prepossessions, its own distorted facts and doubtful conclusions: and every effort, professedly directed to the removal of its prejudices, had, in general, only tended to confirm them. But he induced his countrymen to read. He taught them to think, to doubt, to inquire: and the process thus commenced, led, in its results, to all that we have since witnessed. “ I succeeded,” he says, in one of his letters, “ in awakening the curiosity of some minds in the universities, in provoking doubts of the accuracy of their preconceived opinions, in creating a conviction that such opinions were unfounded. The spirit of inquiry was excited: it made gradual progress; and led, in the result, to that movement which we have seen.....I know that it was thus the favourable spirit of inquiry was generated in the universities.” ‡ So early as the year 1825, all this was perceived and fully understood at Rome. “ Your History,” writes Dr. Gradwell, in the April of that year, “ is much spoken of in Rome, as *one of the great causes which have wrought such a change in public sentiment, in England, on Catholic matters.*” In Germany, the same fact was acknowledged and illustrated. Writing to Lingard, in July, 1835, Dr. Wiseman says, “ I arrived in town last Monday, from Antwerp, after a very pleasant journey through Germany. At Munich, I was particularly delighted with the

\* December 18, 1819.

† December 10, 1820.

‡ To Dolman, November 13, 1850.



society of the professors, among whom I spent several days. They all desired me, again and again, to assure you of the high esteem they entertain for you, and the high position your work is universally allowed, through all Germany, among historical productions. Professor Phillips, formerly professor of history at Baden, now at Munich, requested me to inform you *that he owes his conversion* (which made immense sensation, on account of his well-known talents), *chiefly to your History, which he undertook to review.*" And a few weeks only before the death of the venerable historian, the same eminent prelate thus affectionately acknowledged his own personal obligations, and expressed his own opinion of his merits:—"Be assured," he says, "of my affectionate gratitude to you for much kindness in my early youth, and, still more, for *the great, important, and noble services which you have rendered to religion through life*, and which have so much contributed to *overthrow error, and give a solid historical basis to all subsequent controversy with Protestantism.*"

To such evidences of the practical effects and beneficial results of the great work in question, it were needless to add anything. Yet, there is one letter which it would be scarcely pardonable to omit, and one testimony which is too important to be passed over without notice. The letter, which I shall insert first, is addressed to the historian by Archbishop Curtis, and describes the opinion entertained by the great body of the bishops and clergy in Ireland, not only of the general merits of the History, but also of those particular passages which the jealousy or the resentment of an enemy had selected as the objects of attack.

"DROGHEDA, 31st March, 1826.

"Very Rev. and dear Dr. Lingard,

"\* \* \* \* \* When I mentioned to you above, that I should not be surprised if you yourself had been asked some questions at Rome relative to your works, I recollected that a good friend of yours and mine ———\* had written me, some

\* The author of the letters and memorials to Rome, against Dr. Lingard, mentioned in page 24, *ante*.

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years back, a very serious letter, recommending to me and my brethren here to examine your History, and declare what qualification certain passages in it deserved, particularly those concerning St. Thomas of Canterbury, with some others; as also the tone you assumed, so different from all others that preceded you in the same line. My answer was, that we all, with our clergy, and most of our educated laity, have read, approved, and admired your History: that your opinion expressed of St. Thomas acknowledges him as a learned, zealous, and holy prelate, and, in fine, a glorious martyr: that he had acted sincerely, and as he thought himself in duty bound, according to the ecclesiastical laws of his time, and the circumstances in which he was engaged: but that many learned and unprejudiced men, as well then as ever since, did not think he was always right, either in the substance, or stern and inflexible manner, of some part of his conduct towards Henry II.: that no greater tribute of respect than this was due or paid to any of the Holy Fathers or ancient Saints, since the days of the Apostles: that, without that tone of impartiality adopted by you, there would be no chance of your being read, or gaining the confidence of our separated brethren, by whom your work was highly esteemed: and, in fine, that it had already done, and was doing, so much good everywhere, that *we considered ourselves bound to recommend it earnestly to all the faithful*. This answer seemed to settle the business. ———, in his frequent letters to me, never mentioned it any more. \* \*

“ I remain, my dear Sir,

“ Your most obedient Servant,

✠ “ P. CURTIS.”

The testimony to which I have alluded is no less than that of Pope Leo XII. It was in the autumn of the year 1828, as the reader is aware, that the intrigue of Ventura to ruin the reputation of the History was set on foot. In December, the pamphlet put forth by that writer appeared in Rome. It was placed under the knockers, or left in the halls and passages, of the principal residences in the city. Every means to circulate it was employed, every artifice to enforce its statements and



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render it effective was adopted. Among the nobility and gentry, in the colleges, with the Cardinals and other dignitaries, the emissaries of the party were at work: and even the Pontiff himself was besieged by their importunity, and assured of the dangerous character of the historian's writings.—And what was the result?—When Dr. Baines, then in Rome, next visited the Pope, he found, as Dr. Wiseman expresses it, “that though his ear had been attempted, it had not been poisoned.”\* They conversed together on the subject of the History. They spoke of “the objects of the historian, of the necessity of writing with great moderation and exemption from party feeling,” of the wisdom of a plan, which, discarding the character, enabled the writer more effectually to discharge the office, of an apologist. Leo saw, and felt, and acknowledged the merits of the History; and, referring to its assailants—he wound up the discussion with this significant and instructive remark—“*Why*,” said he, “*these gentlemen seem not to reflect either upon the times or the places in which the history was written.*”†—Such was the declared opinion of Pope Leo XII.

That Dr. Lingard was specially raised up by Providence as an instrument for the execution of its own beneficent designs, there can be little doubt. A mighty movement was to be made. The light was to be separated from the darkness, and the minds of many were to be illumined. Controvertists had already essayed their powers, and had failed. Berington and Potts, Milner, and many others, had in vain employed the arms supplied by history for the defence of their own Church, and in opposition to the favourite prejudices of Protestantism. Lingard, therefore, came to pursue a different course from that of his predecessors. *They* had appeared as advocates—he was an unimpassioned narrator: *they* had avowedly argued for a victory—he simply stated the case that was before him: *they* had drawn their own conclusions, and exhibited their own views—he allowed the narrative to tell its own tale, to make its own impression, and to suggest the inferences that would

\* Letter to Dr. Gradwell, January 4, 1829.

† Dr. Baines to Lingard, January 3, 1829.

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naturally arise from it. It was in the contemplation of all this, and as if in scornful rebuke of the petty assaults which ignorance or malice have at times attempted, that Cardinal Wiseman, in a late number of the *Dublin Review* (xxxv. 205), thus speaks of the departed historian :—

“ It is a Providence that, in history, we have had given to the nation a writer like Lingard, whose gigantic merit will be better appreciated in each successive generation, as it sees his work standing calm and erect amidst the shoals of petty pretenders to usurp his station. When Hume shall have fairly taken his place among the classical writers of our tongue, and Macaulay shall have been transferred to the shelves of romancers and poets, and each shall thus have received his true meed of praise, then Lingard will be still more conspicuous, as the only impartial historian of our country. This is a mercy indeed; and rightful honour to him, who, at such a period of time, worked his way, not into a high rank, but to the very loftiest point, of literary position.”

I cannot more appropriately conclude this Memoir, than by inserting the following beautiful letter, beautiful in the spirit which it breathes, and honourable alike to Lingard and to its author. It was addressed to the historian, in 1845, by Mr. Sharon Turner; and, together with the generosity of a high-minded opponent, exhibits so much benevolence of feeling, so much kindliness of heart, and affecting simplicity of purpose, that, whatever may be thought of the religious question to which it alludes, its appearance in this place, as the crowning testimony to the merits of the Catholic historian, can scarcely fail to be acceptable to the reader.

“ COTTAGE, WINCHMORE HILL, MIDDLESEX,  
28th April, 1845.

“ Reverend Sir,

“ Having just received the new edition of your ‘ Anglo Saxon Church Antiquities,’ and the last of your ‘ History of England,’ which I had ordered from my bookseller, to have your latest views and corrections before me, I cannot refrain from express-

ing to you how much I am pleased with their publication, and that you have lived, and been able, to continue your larger work so far beyond the period, at which a disabling illness, which has never since left me, compelled me to pause in mine. It had been always my determination to write only from original, and, where possible, from contemporary sources, as I could procure them. But the search after these, and their examination, required a bodily strength and activity, which I no longer enjoyed; and therefore I have been obliged to turn my attention to other subjects, which I could pursue in my private study, as it was never my design to repeat from others what they had already given to the world.

“Differently educated, and in a different position of life from yourself, with duties, habits, and feelings as diverging, it is natural, indeed inevitable, that we should take our different views, and draw different conclusions on those subjects, and on the incidents connected with them, which individually interested us; and yet each seek for, and only mean to state, what appeared to us to be the right opinion and historical truth about them. I am persuaded that we have been both actuated by these motives, and that our social world may have been benefited by our doing so. It is fair and just to mankind, that they should have the fullest representations of the whole truth, on every topic in which their welfare is concerned; and therefore that they should be possessed of the statements and convictions of such an intelligent Roman Catholic writer as yourself, as well as of those which I, or any of our Church, may present to them. These contrasts prevent their being led to misconceptions by any partial or one-sided narrative, or by the tendency towards it, that often comes so involuntarily and unconsciously over every author; and sometimes most strongly from his very sincerity and conscientious zeal to depict what he deems true. On these grounds I thank you for what you have published, and am myself much gratified that you have fulfilled your chosen task with so much research and ability; and I shall use your works to guard my own mind

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from any undue partiality, or wilful mistake, in the dissimilar impressions which the important topics we both investigate must yet unavoidably occasion severally to us,—as fellow-labourers (for there is no spirit of rivalry between us) in our important public work, pursued by both as a public duty, or at least with the hope of some public utility. Let us continue to do so, without any unfriendly feeling toward each other!

“ You will excuse the liberty I take in expressing these feelings to you; but as, in my seventy-seventh year, I cannot, with my infirmities of body, expect to be much longer here, it is gratifying to me, while I live, to intimate to you my literary esteem and appreciation of your intelligent and valuable contributions to our national history. Though I deeply regret some errors, as I cannot but consider them, in your Church, it has in it, and has preserved, sacred truths, for which Christianity is much indebted to it, and for which, though I am no Tractarian, I greatly venerate it. Of course, I wish it had only such: but I have, during my younger life, been intimate with many Roman Catholics, and with some of their clergy, whom I have had reason highly to esteem; and therefore I see with pleasure that the policy of our present Government inclines to give to them an equitable share of its amicable attentions.

“ Both churches may exist in harmony and national security, and without danger to each other; for it is impossible that either can now destroy the other. Men of great intellect and virtue, science and learning, continue to profess and to arise in yours, finding it congenial with their minds and sensibilities, as they abound also in ours. That this number may increase, I am glad to see every measure adopted that will improve the education, and elevate and enlarge the minds of the sacred teachers of both,—believing that all will become happier and better as such true opinions and views become naturalized in each, whatever particular modifications or disciplines they may respectively prefer.

“ As I happen to be, at this moment, publishing a little poem, in illustration of my views of the more probable character



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of our Richard III. than Shakespear has made popular, I beg your acceptance of the enclosed copy, as a testimony of my personal respect and literary esteem, and beg to remain,

“ Rev. Sir, with all proper consideration,

Yours most faithfully and obediently,

“ SHARON TURNER.

“ Rev. Dr. Lingard.”



“LINGARD'S PLACE,” CLAXBY, LINCOLNSHIRE.















Brundel July 2. 1853.

My Dear Mr. Lomax

I am glad to have found out your whereabouts again - though I am just now very poorly & very busy; and am so overwhelmed with hurry & ill humour, that I am not by any means going to give you a letter. - My object in writing now is merely to tell you that I send a copy of the Memoir by this post, & shall feel honoured by your acceptance of it. -

Meanwhile, believe me always  
Yours truly

W. A. Guy

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